THE STORY-TELLING MACHINE.

Being the Queer Object Found by Buster John, Sweetest Susan, Drusilla and Billy Biscult, Under the Guldance of Wally Wanderoon.

> By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. Copyright. 1908, by S. S. McClure Company

There was silence for a little while, and Sen Wally Wanderoon pretended to wake

Are you finished?" he asked. "Are you right certain that you didn't leave out have it all."
"Not me!" exclaimed Drusille, "Nuff's

nest, an' toe much is a plenty. I bet you I kin tell you one dat you'd like ter hear; an' telut no nigger tale nother. My granmy tole it ter me an' she said she got

usilla picked at her frock a moment, as if trying to recall some of the incidents the story, and then began. As it must

"One time dey wuz a man what had sech a big fambly dat he wus hard pushed fer ter food um all. He had thirteen childun, an' de biggest wa'nt mo'n fifteen.

*Dey wus so many un um dat dey took turns at gwine ter bed bongry, an' den, himby, dey come a bad crop year. De sesson wuz so dry dat dey can't even raise

"Dey souffiel "long de best dey could, but a got so atter so long a time dat sump'n potter be done, an' de oldest boy, he up an' say dat he gwine somers whar he kin arn his livin' and maybe he'p his daddy

come fer him ter go 'way. Dey all cried as' erled an' cried, tell it look like dey wuz winter cry der eyes out.
"Et you'll take notice, poor folks like

der famblise a heap better dan what rich folks does. Anyhow, dat's what my granny say, an' she sho did know, kare she wuz hty migh a hundred year ol', an' she

"Dish yer boy wux name Mack Sump'n er Nother—I done fergot what—so I'll des ceil 'im plain Mack, an' let it go at dat. "Taint gwinter hurt 'm, kaze he done dead by this time; my granny say he done kick loose fum his troubles long fo' I wuz born.

"Well, he mammy, she packed up de duds, oryin' all de time. She put um in a

mo'n nuff fer ter last a hongry man five minnite. An' dat ar Mack, stidder waitin' all nex' mornin', like he say he gwinter do, sluag his bag on his back, got his walkin'-cane, an' put down de road like sump'n wus after him; he didn't wanter tell um

bet you dey wus weepin', an' whalin dat house of you kin call it a house. 'Whiles all dis wuz gwine on, Mack, he wuz polin' down de big road. Ef he didn't

ory it wuz kaze he ain't got no pocket-handkoher. He went on, he did, an' bimeby he come ter de place whar de road forked. "He knowed dat one er de roads led ter de town, kaze he had been dar wid his dy, but whar de yuther road led he didn't know no mo'dan de man in de moon
—ef dey's any man der. He stopped, he
did, an' study; an' whiles he studyin',
he got a notion dat some un wuz talkin'

tree wus a little ol' man. He wus bare-headed an' barefooted, an' he ain't got no

de tree. Den Mack wus mightly hold up, "De little ol' man 'low, 'My head col';

what dey is you er mo' den welcome ter.'
"De little ol' man say, 'My body col'; loan me yo coat.'
"Mack 'low, 'Ef my coat'll keep you

your me' dan welcome ter it.' "De little ol' man say, 'My foots col';

loan me yo' shoes.'
"Maok 'low, 'Take um; if dey keep yo' foots warm, it'll be mo' dan dey've done

"De little ol' man say, T'm hongry, gi me what vittles you got."
"Mack 'low, 'It's little nuff, but I speck

it'll do you mo' good dan what it will me," wid dat he gun de little ol' man all de vittles he had 'cep' one piece er bread.

"Den he ax de man what road he shill take, an' de man say, 'Luck is allere close

"So Mack tuck de left-han' road, an' he west along barefooted, barebeaded, an' wid no coat fer ter keep de col' out. He went 'long tell he gun ter git hongry, an'
bimeby, he sot down on a log by de side er
de road an' munched his piece er bread.

"He ain't been settin' dar long 'fo' he

hear a noise, an' when he look 'roun' dar en' er de log. He wuz all drawed up an' swivelled, but he had a big bundle in his han', an' he wuz des ez chipper ez a jaybird. He giggled like he wuz mighty nigh tickled

"Mack aint' say nothin', but he look at de man mighty hard. Bimeby, when de little ol' man got over his gigglin' spell, he look

"New den, voung man, you done gi'
me purty nigh eve'ything you had, an' new
I'm gwine ter pay you beck. Take dis
yer bundle and open it."

"So said, so don. Mack opened de bundle, an' der wus a good suit o' close, a nice pair er shoes an' a hat; an' dey wuz all bran' new. Mack went in de bushes an' put 'em on, an' when he come back you wouldn't hardly 'a' knowed him, he looked so fine an' clean. He said thankydo ter de man.

did, dat de ring wuz too big for Mack's biggest finger, but, anyhow, he must keep it on his finger, kaze ef he lose it he'll be onlucky; but ef de don't lose it, an' keep it on his finger—de big finger er his left han —he kin do anything he try ter do.

"Mack look at de ring an' try it on, an' body in sight, an' it make 'im feel mighty

country, an' in dat country be bear 'bout de quare doin's er de King. Some say he had mo' sense dan what any yuther King

say nothin'. When dey ax 'im 'bout de King, he say he don't know de King an' de King don't know him.

"Den dev say dat he de ve'y man fer ter settle a 'spute what dey been havin', an' den dey az 'im what he think uv a King what wanter gi' his daughter ter de man what kin clean out his stable an' sweep out his back yard an' fill up de dry well. "Mack ax of anybody is ever tried for ter do all dis. Dey say dat hundreds er folks is tried, an' come 'way widout doin' ne er de yuther.

is smart man, kaze he huntin' fer somebody what kin do better dan anybody else, an' he say he gwineter take de job, an' see ef he can't show de King how ter clean up

things at his house.
"Well, de word went 'round dat a young man fum a fur country is gwineter try his han' at cleanin' out de place whar de King done his kingin', an' bimeby it come ter de year er de King, an' he des lay back on his th'one an' laughed tell he can't laugh no mo'; an' den he call in his daughter an' her dat dey wuz another fool comin' er ter clean out his stable.

"He broke out in a hoes laugh, but de gal she ain't see de joke dis time. She sot dar an' twis' her apronstring, an' vow she 'low dat bimeby some good-fer-nothin'll come an' do what nobody else can't do, an' den she'll hatter marry 'im whedder er no. She say she done make up her min'

"So she went an' fix herself up like one er de peer felks. She shucked her silk duds an' all her fine ck ze, an' come out'n her rom kekin' fer all de werl' like she b'lenged ter de peer white trash, an' when Mack come walkin' 'roun' de yard ter de house whar de kingin' wuz done, she wuz walkin' 'roun' do yard barefected, an'

outer de raglag.
"Mack say howdy, an' tuck off his bat. De gal 'low:

King's daughter.'
"Mack say, 'I bet you er lots purtler dan what de King's daughter is.' "De gal make answer, 'I ain't no puttier, an' I ain't get no fine cleze. like de King's daughter. What you want 'roun' here,

"Mack 'low, 'I may want you 'fo' I git theo, but what I want right now is fer somebody ter run an' teil de King dat dey's man out here what want ter do some

"De gal went 'roun' de back way, an' bimeby semebedy come ter de deer, an' ax Mack what he want. Mack says he des vanter do some cleanin' fer de King. Some un done tol' 'im, he say, dat de King want his stable cleaned out, an' his back yard

he tcl' um fer ter show de fool in.
"So Mack, he went in whar de King wuz, an' he seed mo' fine de in's dan he ever see befo' in all his bern days. He mired up in de kyarpits, an' come mighty nigh walkin' beedfo'most in a big lookin' glass on de

an' he get de idee dat maybe he'd ceme ter de wrong place. But he helt up his head an' make like he been use ter dat kinder

doin's all his life.

"Bimeby de house gal come an' tol' 'im dat de King'd see 'im, an' she showed 'im inter a great big room dat kok like it'd hol' a hurdred tolks, an' upon a flatform set de King. He had his handkeher on his mouf fer ter keep fum laughin', an' eve'y ence in a while he'd mighty nigh strangle hisself wid coughin.

"Mack tol' him howdy ez polite ez he cloud, an' bow dez low ez he knowed how. Den de King say dat de folks what tol' im dat ain't no lie; an' den he went on ter say dat he ben tryin' for ter long at ter git som body what kin el an out his stable, swep his back yard an' fill a dry will. Mack 'low dat he'li try tir do de best he kin.

"So de King, termake sho er matt r. tol' 'im dat ef he done de job, he mought marry his daught r, an' of he can't do de job he'll hatter go to jail for a spill, an' de he sont fer de carriage driver an' tol' 'im tr show de young man whar de stable is.

"De y ain't no two ways about it, Mack wuz feelin' shaky, an' of he could 'a' backe dout er doin' de job he wouldn't 'a' gone nigh da stable, but dar he wuz an' he couldn't ge tout'n it. So dar he wuz.

"He look d in de stable an' it wuz mighty nigh chock full er dirt an' straw. But he shuck'd his coat an' got 'im a spade an' went ter work.

"Now den, when Mack tuk off his coat his ring drapp d on da ground clesse by, but he ain't miss it. He des grabbed de spade an' went ter work, but fer eve'y show'l full he th'owed out, seven shovels full cam' in ag'in.

"He worked on a while, wonderin' how

show! full he th'owed out, seven showels full came in ag'in.

"He work d on a while, wonderin' how high de jail wuz, an' den all uv a sudden he missed his ring. He knowed he had it on when he gwent ter pull off his coat, an' so he hunt d'bout fer it, an' bime by he foun' it. Dis makes him feel better.

"Bout dat time de gal what he seed in de front yard er de King's house come canterin' long, an' ax him how he gittin' long. Mack say he gittin' long purty well in spite or de conjerments.

"Den de gal tell 'im dat he'll hatter marry de King's daughter ef he do all dat he sot out ter do; hut Mack, he say, he did, dat he'll not marry de King's daughter while de gal he wuz ta!kin' wid wuz on top er de ground.

ground.
"Dis make de gal blush, an' she ax 'im how come he'd ruther marry her den ter marry de King's daughter, an' Mack up an' say dat he done seed her, an' he ain't never seed de King's daughter. Den de gal say:
"Sposen she lots purtier dan what I is?"

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"Mack 'low, he did, dat she kin keep her purty fer some un else. Den he tell de gal dat he'll marry her ef she'll have 'im, but she say she ain't nothin' but a house gal, an' she don't wanter stan' in his way, kaze he mought be sorry he married her stidder de King's daughter.

"But Mack say he ain't gwineter have it dataway. De gal ain't say nothin' ter dis, but she look mighty willin.

"Den Mack, wid his ring on his finger, went ter work cleanin' out de stable, an' de way he made de trash an' dirt fly wuz a plum sight ter see. De gal say:

"Yon come de King, an' den she made herse'f skace.

"Well, de King come up, he did, an' he wuz so 'stonished dat he can't say nothin'. De dirt an' straw come flyin' out like it wuz run thoo a thrashin' machine, an' ef he hadn't 'a' jumped out'n de way 'twould 'a' kivvered him plum up, kaze eve'y time Mack 'ud fling out one shevel full ur-ner would jump up an' foller atter.

"De stable wuz cleaned out whiles de King wuz stan'in' dar wid his mouf open, an' when Mack come out, he look des ez fresh ez ef he hadn't done no work.

"De King he 'low, 'I speck you'll git my daughter,' but Mack he say he dez done de job fer fun, kaze he got his eye on 'nother gal."

"De King 'low, 'You mean de gal what wuz here dae now?" Yasser.' De King sorter grinned, but he ain't let on. "Den Mack ax 'im wharbouts de dry

well is, an' he make answer dat it's right dar close ter de stable, an' she nuff, dar 'twus, an' it look like it wus in about a mile deep. De King, he went on back ter de house whar he do his kingin', an' Mack, he whirled in fer ter fill up de dry well. It look like de dirt what he tuck fum de stables des went an' got in de dry well by itself, kaze when he fiung one shovel full in, forty wheelbarrows full would foller atter an' fall in de well. An' 'twant ten minutes' fo' de well wus full up ter de top.

twant ten minutes fo' de well wuz full up ter de top.

"Mack went on up ter de house, an' de king, settin' on de porch, seed 'im. He 'low, 'I speck de well wuz toe much for you.

"Mack say, 'No, siree; I fulled it up wid de dirt I fung out'n de stable. 'Twan't no trouble 'tall.'

De King look at 'im right hard, an' say, "'Looky here, young man, what kinder chap is you, anyhow?

"Mack 'low, 'I'm des a commen, eve'yday chap what ain't skeered er work. What I does I does so easy dat I don't charge nothin' fer it.

"De king say, 'Well, dar's de back yard an' de front yard fer ter clean up.'

"Mack 'low, I'll lay off ter do dat ternight when de dus' won't bodder nobody.'

"At dat de King laugh loud an' laugh long. Mack say, 'You must sholy be tickled.' Dis make de King laugh louder dan ever, an' Mack went off an' sot down in de shade an' wondered what make de King laugh so hard.

"He sot dar, he did, tell he got ter nod-

wondered what make de King laugh so hard.

"He sot dar, he did, tell he got ter noddin', an' den he fell sound ersleep. While he wuz sno'in' de gal come out ter see wharabouts he wuz. Twant long 'fo' she foun' 'im, an' den she stood lookin' at 'im, kinder smilin' ter hers'f.

"When her eyes fell on de ring she flung back her head an' grinned. She thought ter herse'f dat he gwine ter marry her anyhow, an' twouldn't be no harm fer ter take de ring onbeknownst ter 'im. So she crope up, easy ez she kin, an' slipped de ring off n his finger, an' went flyin' ter de house.

"Bimeby de gal come out fer fer see er he wiz wake, an' what he gwineter say bout his ring—you know how gals is. Well, out she come, but Mack, stidder talkin' bout his ring, tol' de gal dat he'd hatter go back home.

"He done had a dresm dat his mammy wiz sick, an' while he'd like ter stay on 'count er de gal, he wiz bleeze ter go back home.

home.

"De gal look sollum when she hear dis kinder news, an' when she talk she had a kinder ketch in her goozle. She say:

"I'm mighty sorry you gwine, atter what you tol' me, but ef you gwine yo' better not tell de King.' Den she look at his han' an' say, 'Law! whar yo' fine rine?'

at his han' an' say, 'Law! whar yo' fine ring?'

"Mack 'low, 'I done lost it, an' I can't fin' it nowhar. Dat ring was my fortune; I can't do nothin' widout it. I laid off fer ter gi' you de ring what my mammy gi' me when I started on my journey, but 'taint no use now; wid my good-luck ring gone I can't never hope ter get you.

"De gal say, 'When you gwineter start?' and he 'low dat he gwineter make tracks fum dar des ez soon ez night come.

"De gal say she mighty sorry, an' Mack sav she can' be half ez sorry ez he wuz, an' not nigh ez lonesome. De gal sorter stood 'roun', waitin' fer Mack ter say sump'n, but he wuz feelin' too bad; he des hung his head an' sot dar wid his mouf shot.

shot.

"Den de gal ax 'im not ter go tell he see her, an' he promise dat he won't ef he kin see her 'fo' night.

"Well, des 'fo' night fell, here come de gal wid de ring. She ain't tell no tale 'bout it; she des up'n say dat she tuck it kaze she wanted it. She 'low'.

"Atter what you said down yonder in de hoss lot I felt like I had ez good a right ter dat ring ez any udder gal—an' dat's why I tuck it." why I tuck it."

"Mack say he ain't blamin' her one bit, not one grain, an' she look so nice when he say it dat Mack feel his heart go flippity-flap. She come up close ter him when she gi' 'im de ring, an' put her han' on his, an' 'twuz sech a soft little han' he can't he'p squeezin' it a little bit. But when he went ter put his arm 'roun' her, she broke away fum 'im an' run in de house des like she oughter done, kaze she'd been raise' right, an' knowed what she wuz doin'

doin'
"When night come Mack got 'im a big
brush broom an' started ter sweep de
trash an' dirt out'n de yard. He seed
'fo' de sun went down how bad it needed

"De Kink had de idee dat his daughter wuz gittin' mighty uppity, but he an't say nothin'. He des went inter his room an' shucked off his duds an' went ter bed but de gal crope ter her winder, atter puttin' out de lights, an' looked out.

"By dat time Mack had done finish de job, an' de yard wuz clean as de foor er de house whar de King live st. Den de gal, she went ter bed an' dremp dreams dat she ain't dremp befo.

"De nex mornin' de King sont out an' ax Mack fer ter come inter brekkus, but Mack answer dat he done had his brekkus too long ter talk 'bout. Dem what do de kingin' don't hatter git up soon in de mornin' an' dev eats der brekkus late.

"Dish yer King what I'm a tellin' you bout wa'n't no better dan any er de rest un um. He had late brekkus, an' he put on airs, an' sassed eve'y body when he feel like it. But he come out atter while, an' he come mighty nigh faintin' when he seed how clean bofe his yards wuz.

"He 'low, 'Whar did you pile de trash?'

"Mack say dat he don't b'lieve in doin' no half-way job, so he tuck'n tuck de trash off whar 'twon't pester nobody no mo'. Dis make de King scratch his head. He bleeze ter stan' up ter his promise, an' so he ax Mack in de house whar he do his kingin' at, an' ax 'im ter take a seat an' make hisse'f comftubble.

"Den de King clum up on his th'one an' sont out fer his Majers an' his Cap'ns, sn' a whole lot er yuther folks what he knowed right well. When dey all come de King 'low dat he done promise fer ter gi' his daughter ter de man what kin clean out his stable, fill de dry well an' sweep de front an' back yard.

"All er you-all done try it an' can't do it, 'de King say, 'an' a whole passel of folks fum way off yon', an' dey aln't none un um kin do it but dish yer young man fum de country. I got ter keep my promise, 'de King say.

"Wid dat dey all hung der heads 'cop' Mack. He des sot dar thinkin' how he kin tell de King dat he don't want his daughter widout makin' im blashin' mad. Bimeby he 'gun ter think 'bout de yuther gal, an' he got right up an 'to!' d

"Poets are born, not made" is only another

WINNER

Old Gambler's Story of Get-Rich-Quick Scheme That Worked as It Was Expected to Do.

"You hear a lot of talk about these get-rich-quick schemes, nowadays," said the old-time.gambler, "and I reckon, from what I hear, that likely there's a good many more of 'em in operation than ever there was before, but I can't see that there's anything

"I reckon people have always put up jobs of one sort or another to get other folks's money, ever since there was any such thing as money in use. In the old Bible stories that I used to hear when I was a kid there were things that led me to think they weren't so slow as they might have been even before the mail order business was started and before the Wall Street right, Joseph engineered the first corner in wheat, and he came by his talents hon-estly enough, for his father came to be a cattle baron in a way that would shame

"I'm not throwing these things up against the old patriarchs. They only go to show that the main thing always has been to get the other fellow's money, and there always have been get-rich-quick schemes, just as

"And they're good things, too. The only thing about 'em that you have to be careful about is to get on the right end. If you're the man that handles the money, you're right, but if you're the man that puts it in, you're left.

"I've seen a good many games of one kind say but what I've had a good deal to do with some of 'em. Being a gambler all my life, I've always been out for the money, and whenever I've found a man that was after nine, I've always felt that I had a right to

"If he was smarter than me and could get away with the stuff I never squealed. and if I got away with it I never felt any ver broke my word if I made a promise, but if I could get the best of the man that was trying to get the best of me I always oked on it as part of the game.

"As I said I've seen a good many tricks turned, one way or another, but I think the one that was altogether the slickest of any was a combination I made once with a fellow in Denver that lasted about a month. Say, I made more easy money that month than I ever made before or since, and if the combination hadn't busted as it did, he and ide of five years. It was simply great, and as near as I could figure it there wasn't any way to beat our little game that anybody was likely to tumble to.

"This man—I'm not going to tell you his real name, so I'll call him Smith—came to Denver along in the 80s, when Colorado was on the boom, and gave a little bum show of s e out of curiosity. He was a queer, long-haired, wild-eyed man about 40, that had a great gift of gab, and a much greater gift of what was called mesmerism in those days. The word hypnotism wasn't so hadn't started in to give new names to the old game, so Smith simply called himself a

as you'd want to see and yet it fascinated me right from the jump. The trouble was that Smith hadn't the first notion of

was that Smith hadn't the first notion of how to put up his game so as to interest the people that came in.

"In the first place, he was like the parrot in the story. He talked too much. Then, he didn't at em to know which of his queer performances were really interesting and valuable, and which were simply queer without being valuable.

"And he put the whole business out in a beginning of sables that were three transporters."

valuable, and which were simply queer without being valuable.

"And he put the whole business out in a hodge-podge fashion that was tiresome to the average man, talking all the time in a way that couldn't possibly interest anybody that had ordinary intelligence. He was a meamerist all right, but as a showman, he wasn't one, two, six.

"He had a couple of dope flends with him that he used for some of his experiments. 'Horses,' they call 'em in the show business, and he put them through the usual performances, sticking pins in them and making them eat raw potatoes and smoke, or try to smoke, sticks, and all that foolishness, which was all well enough, perhaps, for it wasn't such an old story then as it is now, but it ecemed poor stuff to me, for I had seen it done much better by other men.

"But there were some other experiments, or performances, which he went through, that interested me a lot, and I watched him carefully to make sure thay were not frauds. He would get somebody in the audience to think of something he had in his pocket and then he would tell what the man was thinking about.

"That is, he would do it sometimes and sometimes he wouldn't. He explained that it was a thing he didn't altogether understand himself, although he tried to give a sort of an explanation of it. As nobody else could understand the explanation, and he didn't appear to understand it himself, it didn't help matters much. But the trick itself gave me an idea.

"I looked around the roun carefully to see if there was anybody there who knew me, and when I found there was not I took a sneak. I knew that Smith stopped at the same hotel that I did, and I made it my business to find out what room he had, without asking anybody. My first business was to get a little private talk with him, it was a little uneasy at first, but I told him I wanted to talk business that would mean a lot of money for him and he listened.

"First I questioned him about this power that he had, or seemed to have, of reading what some other man had in his mind. Th

but he couldn't do it at all with other people.

"Then I asked him to test me, and find out if he could read my thoughts, and to my great delight I found he could to some extent. He could tell what particular thing I had in mind if I fixed my thoughts on it, and he could read figures and amounts that I thought of.

"I tried him over and over, and I satisfied myself that there was no question about it. I don't pretent to understand it any better than he did, but I'm sure Sanith could do just that thing, for I've preved it over and over again. And then I trotted out my scheme, which the same it was poker.

came in and Smith raised it a dollar. The others stayed out and these two made good.

"The next round, the ace man—call him Jones for convenience—caught a seven spot, making ace, four, seven; and the king man—call him Brown—made king, jack, six. Smith got a queen.

"The ace man chipped a dollar. Brown stayed, and Smith stayed. I looked to see him raise if he had a pair, but he was playing better than I gave him credit for, and was willing to wait.

"On the fourth round Jones caught an ace, Brown got a six spot, making a pair for each of them, and Smith got his third eight, making two in sight. As he was high man he bet five dollars and Jones raised him ten. That drove Brown out and Smith came back with twenty more.

"I was signalling a pair of aces in my mind, and I knew if Smith was catching the signal he was either bluffing or he had at least queens up. I looked at him closely and it didn't look like he was bluffing, so I felt pretty easy, though I was naturally nervous.

"Well. Jones was booked, of course."

nervous.

"Well, Jones was hooked, of course.
He wouldn't drop a pair of aces with a card
to come for any twenty dollar bet with
forty-four dollars in the pot, so he stayed,
and on the last round Smith didn't better,
but Jones got another seven, giving him

but Jones got another seven, giving him aces up.

"I kept the mental signals going, but Smith was a bird. He didn't bat an eye, but planked fifty dollars up as cool as a veteran. Of course, Jones couldn't raise, and didn't want to lay down, so after a bit he called, and Smith had blamed near doubled his pile on one hand.

"He stayed out for a couple of deals after and then, getting an ace showing, he had to bet, and put up the usual dollar for a starter. Jones had caught sixes back to back and he stayed. Brown had a king buried and a ten showing, and he stayed.

"Two other men stayed, too, but I couldn't see what they had buried, and I got anxious again. But I signalled the pair of sixes and the king, and Smith told me afterward that he could read the signals all right, as I had judged from his play, for he got a king for his third card, and would likely have stayed on ace king if he hadn't caught

king for his third card, and would likely have stayed on ace king if he hadn't caught my thought.

"As it was, he just bet a dollar, and when Jones raised it five, he dropped out. The others stayed, and Jones, getting a second pair before the deal was out, made a good pot, but it hadn't cost Smith any more than two dollars.

"Well, it went on that way for an hour. Smith played carefully and didn't get caught for any great amount on any one deal and Jones and Brown never caught him once. They couldn't, of course, him knowing from me what they had.

"There was one big pot at the end, when Brown made a beautiful bluff with a pair of eights and a ten and queen showing, against Smith's pair of nines and king and seven showing. The others had dropped out and there was about seventy-five dollars in the pot.

"Smith bet twenty, knowing that Brown had a jack buried, and Brown came back at him with a hundred. It looked dangerous, of course, but I was thinking my message as hard as I knew how, and Smith showed his whole pile into the pot. Then Brown weakened, and Smith jumped the game twelve hundred to the good.

"Talk about lead-pipe cinches! We kept that up for a month, not every night, but three or four times a week, and cleaned up over forty thousand dollars before the month was over. It was a fortune to Smith, even after he had divided fair and square, but it ruined the game. He drank himself to death inside of the next month, and I never found a pal after that who could work the same game."

is now on private view at the American Museum of Natural History. It is the result of the Andrew J. Stone expedition of last year.

The work of the party was restricted to

The work of the party was restricted to collecting mammals and more than 1,000 specimens were secured. The collecting was begun in June at Mount Wrangel, and was extended inland to the upper Stickeen River region in north British Columbia. From there the collectors worked their way back to Wrangel.

They secured a fine series of moose, caribou, mountain goats and sheep, Sitka deer, wolves, wolverines, foxes and a few bear. The most valuable trophy of the hunt is a series of skulls of the famous Kadiak bear, the largest living land carnivore known to naturalists.

The other notable features of the collection are the rare golden lemming, the "I tried him over and over, and I satisfied myself that there was no question about it. I don't pretent to understand it any better than he did, but I'm sure Santh could do just that thing, for I've preved it over and over again. And then I trotted out my scheme, which the same it was poker.

"I think you'll agree with me that poker is about as good a get-rich-quick propesition as any there is, if you have the best end of the game, and I thought I saw a way in which I could come pretty near having the best of it all the time, with Smith's help.

"He didn't know much about the game, but he'd played it a little and I didn't have much trouble in explaining my plan, which was simple enough. I was doubtful whether he'd join in, at first, but I found he was ready enough when I showed him how easy it would be to get big money. I don't believe the poor devil ever had \$1,000 at one time until I discovered him, and he was just then tied all up with debts and difficulties and would have done anything for money.

"My plan was this. I was a sort of manager and look-out for Billy Camp, who ran the biggest gambling house in Denver at that I had no great good will for him. I wanted Smith to come in as a tenderfect.

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Suppress the Man Who Suppressed the Preachers.

"Zack Renfrew was as square a man as there was in the Coeur d'Alene in most ways," said the man from Idaho, "but he sure was a gia and a horned toad when it came to

sky pilots.

Somehow or another, Zack just couldn't naturally abide the sound, smell, touch or presence of a parson. Zack was so pizen sore on 'em that he'd invariably butt in when they were in the midst of their exhortings and stampede their meetings.

"Trying to lariat 'em out o' th' fire o'
hell!' Zack would bawl at the meetings. 'Trying to scoop 'em out of the bottom-less sulphur beds with a lasso o' chinnusic, are you?' he would go on howling 'Why, you couldn't dig ary one o' this gang out with all o' th' hydraulic dredges ever packed over the mountains on th' backs o' burros, nor, for the matter o' that, blast one of them out of the clutches of the devil with all th' dyamite cattridges that ever

"F'r why? Why, because they all wants t' sizzle f'r all eternity-that's why! We all want to roast f'r eighteen years, an' repeat, on burning

brey hikin' 'long this-a-way an' shootin' off his fusey little squibs with th' idea o' redeemin' an' reclaimin' a bunch o' gopbers that like th' turnpike t' hell so much that they'd rather keep on hittin' it up than traipse along th' brick pavement leadin'

to th' happy huntin' grounds?'
"That's the kind of yip-yap conversation "That's the kind of yip-yap conversation Zack 'ud hurl at all of the aerial steersmen that would visit the camp with the idea of chucking a little bit of the light into the boys, and when they got these jolts from Zack they'd always curl up on the camp and pass the job of reclaiming it on to the next.

"Zack could sense a parson a good three miles. He came a-loping into the camp from his claim, three miles back among the foothills, once, when a sky-pilot who was aware of Zack's peculiarity with regard to the preachers started a little meeting on the quiet.

"Zack was panting and breathless that time when he busted into the hall over Dutch Kate's saloon, where the meeting was held, but it didn't take him more than three minutes at that to herd that parson to the place where his gripsack was and to chase him to a seat on top of the down stage.

"The camp didn't like the way Zack be-

to do his blamedest to put a finer soapshine on his mug than the next one, and they all knocked off work an hour or two earlier than usual, too, so as stroll into camp and get properly mellowed up and ready for the thing that was to come off, of which they already had an idea.

"Zack Renfrew, his face as shiny as those of the rest, but with a heavy soowl on his brow, such as always made its appearance there when Zack knew that there was a sky pilot in town, go in early, and spent most of his time in Kingsley's groggery, not drinking much, but expatiating upon how warm he was going to make it for the high courier who was to do his talking that night.

"Every seat in the hall was taken at the hour the meeting was announced, and large numbers of red and blue fa mel-shirted men stood behind the benches at the rear. Zack Renfrew, still wearing his portentous seew!, had a seat on the sisle on the second bench from the front.

"If Zack hadn't been so much bound up in himself and what he was going to say and do to break the sky pilot up in his business, he would have noticed that the whole camp was on hand at the meeting, something that had never happened before in the history of the outfit.

"At the hour the man in ministerial clothes appeared at the door and walked down the aisle to the platform. Those that thus caught their first view of his back observed that he was bullet-headed, that he was tall and slender, with very broad shoulders and a tapering waist, and that, despite his parson's garb, his walk was suggestive rather of the bouncer of a big honkatonk than of a sky pilot.

"When he stepped up the platform steps and turned around, the boys saw that he was behind, that his eyes were small and beady-hlue, and that his face, with its very square, forward-protrucing jaw, was covered with about a month's growth of scraggly redd sh beard.

"He rested one hand on the t-ble beside him, and surveyed the gang with a smile that was meant to be engaging.

"Wy brethren,' he began in a voice co mild that some of those prese

onor, and to—
'Same old thing,' spat Zack Renfrew,
'Same old thing a f ger

bein' baked an' fried an' toasted in the pit f'r—
"Well, that was about all for Zack. The man on the platform had been strepping down slowly and advarcing so crutiously upon Zack that Zack, immersed in his discourse, didn't to ke much notice of him, or, if he did, didn't bother about his advancing, anywry. Then the man in the ministerial garb had Zack by the slack of his blue figural shirt, and yank d him to his feet so suddenly that the man in the back of the hall could hear Zack's teeth rattle.

"Ack was paused into the hall over the property of the country of